

O 1. O.
Thos Jolley
1807.

60



T. Jolley Esq. F.S.A.

Miscellanies

I N

PROSE and *VERSE*,

Consisting of

POEMS,

G A Y,		D I V I N E, and
H U M O U R O U S,		M O R A L.

W I T H

Letters of *Love* and *Gallantry*.

By JOHN HEWITT, *Gent.*

Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nescii,
Nec cursus duplicis per Mare Ulyssæi
Nec sævam Pelopis domum
Conamur, tenues grandia. — *Hor. Lib. i. Ode 6.*

B R I S T O L :

Printed by the Widow P E N N, Bookseller, in
Wine-street. M DCC XXVII.

Miscellaneous

No. 1

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW SOUTH WALES

IN THE YEAR 1854

AND IN THE YEAR 1855

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL

PRINTED BY J. B. BARNES, GOVERNMENT PRINTER





T O M Y
F A T H E R,

The Honourable

JAMES HEWITT, Esq;

Second *Lord Commissioner* for
T R A D E, to his I M P E R I A L
M A J E S T Y of R U S S I A.

Honoured SIR,



T is with the deepest Con-
cern, and greatest Regret
imaginable, You have gi-
ven me a just Occasion, to
make *You* the *Patron* of
the following MISCELLANIES—since
I too well know, this Dedication
will be as little pleasing to You in

Reading it, as it is to me in *Writing* it—and, in order, to answer such *Objections*, as may be rais'd by any one, (who is not acquainted with the continual Grievances that have attended me from your ill Usage) *why* I take this Method of writing to a Father?—I make this Reply—that my private Correspondence, and repeated Complaints, have not been able to alter that severe Rigour, with which, you have not only treated *Me*, but my Brother: so that some of my Friends, as well as Enemies, imagine, that I am the immediate Author of my Misfortunes——therefore, to undeceive them, I must beg leave to clear up the Matter, and then submit it to the Judgment of impartial Readers—for which, I am fully satisfy'd in Conscience, that SELF-PRESERVATION,

The Dedication. iii

TION, the first, and principal Law of Nature, is a sufficient Apology, and an Authority for doing myself Justice in this publick Manner.

The small Concern you have shewn for my Welfare, unbecoming Paternal Love, (and not deserving it for any Crime I can justly charge my self with) has given Room for some People to suppose, I am your *Illigitimate* Son ; but, (only in Regard to the Honour of my Mother) I cou'd almost wish I had been so, and then, perhaps, I might have met with the same good Usage, and have been as well belov'd by my Father, as two *Illigitimate* Children of a Gentleman, with whom, you are intimately acquainted—— But it is well known to all, who, knew my Mother, (whose Memory I revere) she
was

iv *The Dedication.*

was a Woman of strict VIRTUE and PIETY; and when she dy'd—I am concern'd to say it, but can with strict Justice affirm, I had a *Father*, but not a FRIEND living.

I think it is a receiv'd *Maxim*, that a Child can never discharge the Debt due to his Parents for his *Being*—in which, I join—Provided, Parents not only take the necessary Care of their Children's Education, 'till they come to Years of Maturity, but even then make such Provision for them in the World, as is fuitable to their Circumstances—But when a Father has no more Love, or Concern for a Child, than to abandon him, and leave him to the Frowns of FORTUNE; such a Son is not only indebted to a Father for his BEING, but likewise for
all

all his *Misfortunes* — For my Part, my present Unhappiness makes me often wish, you had suffer'd me to continue rather in a State of NON-ENTITY, than call'd me forth to a miserable BEING, without a Design to assist me.

Your late Engagement with me in a certain Affair (not proper to be mentioned) and your drawing off, when I was too far engag'd to retreat myself, is a convincing Argument of the small Regard you have for me — When I did not receive those Remittances you promis'd to assist me with, I had but one desperate Card to play — like a Physician, who, having first found most Medicines ineffectual, at last, has Recourse to one, that either kills or cures — The Money that was in my Possession, not being

ing sufficient to compass my Affairs in any tolerable manner, I took a Method that soon decided my Fate, *Viz.* going to the *Groom Porters*, and this indeed, finish'd my Ruin, as it might have produc'd a different Effect— this, perhaps, may be call'd *Folly*, but if it is, it is owing to a Father's unkind Behaviour.

I am just going to leave my Native Country, with a Resolution never to return, unless FORTUNE puts it in my power to purchase, and live retir'd— I am not ambitious, but my Soul is too great, and aspiring, to live in any mean Way of Life at Home, and cannot bear to receive my Bread with the Scorn, Frowns, and Affronts of those, with whom, my Birth and Education have plac'd me upon an equal Footing— my
natu-

The Dedication. vii

natural Disposition, improv'd by generous Conversation, teaches me another way of Thinking.

I shall scarcely ever see you more, and therefore beg your Blessing, and Forgiveness of those trifling Follies I have been guilty of, and to which, Youth is generally addicted— And as for this Dedication, I wou'd not have the World look upon it, as an Invective against my Father—No—only as the Means, by which I clear my self of that Aspersi^on, of being thought the Author of those *Misfortunes*, in which, I am at present involv'd—I hope, (if it shou'd please GOD to call you hence) you will not utterly forget your *Eldest Son* among the rest of your Children, who, tho' absent, and notwithstanding the Difference between
b us,

viii *The Dedication.*

us, will bear that Duty in Mind
as is due to a Father, and requir'd
from,

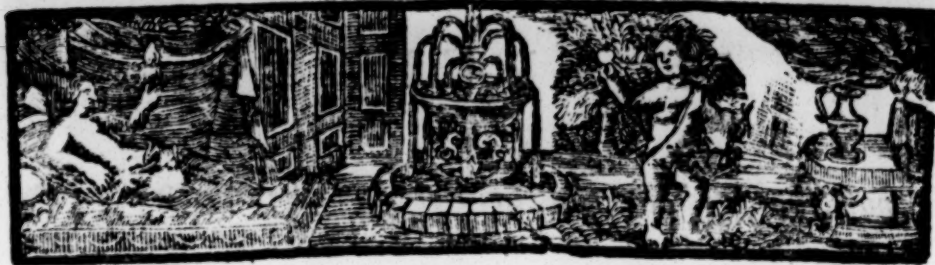
Honoured SIR,

Your most Dutiful,

and most Obedient Son,

J. HEWITT.





T H E P R E F A C E.



PREFACE is as often an *Excuse* for Ignorance, as a *Dedication* is generally an arrant Piece of Flattery— but, it is become so common, that it is as much expected by the Publick, as a Prologue before a new Play—— I have nothing to say in Behalf of that Part of this Performance, which, belongs to me— excepting this, that tho' some of the Pieces contain'd herein, may be thought a little Ludicrous, yet they are so far from being Obscene, that Persons of the strictest Modesty may peruse them without Offence—— but the Reader may see I have not only been a little Gay, but have likewise turn'd my Thoughts on serious Subjects—— as that, on Content, a Retir'd Life, against Ambition, on a Heathen Pagod, &c. — I know there are some Authors, who, have made it their Business to introduce their Works, (that have been other-ways deficient) by the Art of ADULATION; but was the World weak enough to be impos'd upon, by such a false Insinuation, I have too great a Contempt for it's Practice, than to be guilty of it——

I assure the Reader I did not publish these MISCELLANIES out of Vanity, well knowing that my Share com-
pose

The P R E F A C E.

pose the worst Part of this Book, and that the many Faults that appear thro' the whole, will redound rather to my Discredit, than the Reverse—— But if any one shou'd be curious enough to ask, why, I publish'd them? — I answer, for three private Reasons.

Those GENTLEMEN, who, have honour'd this Collection with their Performances, will undoubtedly meet with the just Reward, that is due to their Merit— I never read over the Song of Deborah and Barak, but my Wonder encreases at the inimitable Stroke of Grandeur, that appears in these two Lines,

*Grateful he bows : he bows, he falls, he lies :
He bows, he falls, and where he falls, he dies.*

which, (abstracted from the Merit, that, shines thro' the whole Poem) I think a sufficient Recompence for all the Trouble I have taken about the Book——

These Lines may serve as a Proof, that the true Sublime, consists not in Expression, disguis'd in pompous Words —— but Thoughts, like Jewels, appear with greater Lustre when plain set.





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By Mr. HEWITT.

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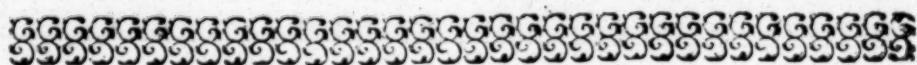
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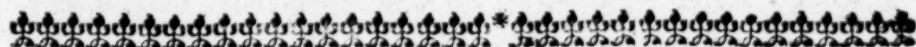
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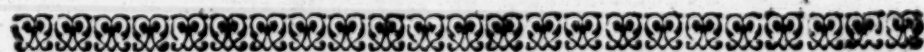
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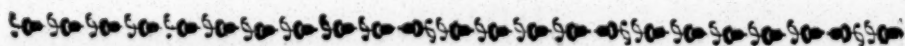
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ERRATA.

Page 68, Line 16, for my read their.

ALEXIS

A L E X I S

T O

C Æ L I A:

O R,

The Power of LOVE,

A

P O E M.

Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine Menses
Rupe sub aëriâ deserti ad Strymonis undam
Flevisse, & gelidis hæc evolvisse sub antris,
Mulcentem Tigres, & agentem carmine quercus?

Virgil. Geor. IV.

————— Latet anguis in Herba. *Virgil*



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B

A. F. E. Y. I. S.

CELLA:

The Power of Love

P. O. E. M.

Printed by the Widow Povey, at the
Printers, in the Strand, near the
Temple Church, London.

Printed by the Widow Povey, at the



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Printers, in the Strand, near the
Temple Church, London.



The PREFACE.



DO not doubt, upon Perusal, but the greater part of the Fair Sex, will be fir'd with a just Resentment of Cælia's ungenerous Usage to Alexis: tho' I fear we have too many of the Moderns, whose Characters may be brought as just Parallels to her's—— It is, indeed, a melancholy Reflection to think, that any Woman of a liberal Education will so far deviate from the Rules of Honour and Virtue, as to ruin a part of that Species, for whose Comfort and Happiness she was design'd and form'd— However, I have the Charity to believe, that a much greater Number of Women are undone by the Instigations of designing Men, than by their own Inclinations: therefore, it wou'd be unjust to think hard of the whole Sex, for the displeasing Behaviour of a few—— No Encomiums can be too great for a good Woman, nor any Satyr sharp enough for a bad one— For my part, I think Women the greatest Blessing, which, attends us—— They soften the rude and barbarous Tempers of Mankind; without their Society we should be rough and unpolish'd

The P R E F A C E.

Creatures — In a Word, they are the chief Instruments, which, render Life easy and agreeable — and when a fine Woman's in my Sight, I always consider her in the Sense of the following beautiful Speech, which, Polydore makes to Monimia.

“ Who, can behold such Beauty, and be silent ?

“ Desire first taught us Words ! Man when created

“ At first alone, long wander'd up and down,

“ Forlorn, and silent as his Vassal-Beasts :

“ But when a Heav'n-born Maid, like you, appear'd,

“ Strange Pleasures fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,

“ Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was *Love*.

ORPHAN.



Alexis



Alexis to Cælia : &c.



The ARGUMENT.

The two Persons, who, are the Subject of the following Lines, flourish'd about a Hundred Years ago — No Body was more remarkable for his tender and invincible Passion than Alexis — Cælia, was as famous for her Wit, Gallantry, and Beauty, but was a Composition of a Prude and Coquet — Alexis, notwithstanding this, resolv'd to satisfy the Excess of his Passion in an honourable Way — It was not long after they were marry'd, when Cælia, broke thro' all Vows and Promises, and became a Libertine — Alexis, struggling between Love and Resentment, sent her the following farewell Letter.

What tender Language can my Fancy find ?
To speak the Anguish of a pensive Mind ?
A Mind uneasy, and oppress'd with Grief ?
To Joy unknown — A Stranger to Relief !

O!

2 ALEXIS to CÆLIA: or,

O! nought can ease me of this tort'ring Pain!
With Heav'n I plead, but plead with Heav'n, in vain:
Love! was the fatal Rock, which, wreck'd my Peace,
And *Love's* the Cause, why still my Woes encrease.

Soft let my Lays, and smoothe my Numbers be,
Dear, cruel *Cælia*, when I mention thee!
But why, with Fondness do I speak thy Name?
Who, from my Heart, no Tenderness can claim.

Tho' once subservient to thy quickning Charms,
When first you press'd me in your eager Arms;
By your Ill-usage, now my Soul's reliev'd,
And find, by Woman's Beauty I'm deceiv'd!
Forc'd by your Crimes, to leave my native Shore,
Crimes, which, shall live, when you shall be no more.
How can I think, and yet from Tears refrain?
How can I write, and not the Paper stain?
How can I sleep, and not of *Cælia* dream?
Yet how awake, and not despise the Theme?

By mild Philosophy, in vain, I'm taught,
To sink beneath Misfortunes is a Fault,

Below

The Power of Love.

3

Below the Greatness of a noble Mind,
And is, a Mark of Cowardice, defin'd:
For *Love*, our Weakness sooner can expose,
Than a long Chain of complicated Woes.

If ought here said, your Pity shou'd create,
Grieve for your self— for me, it is too late;
Yet, e're these Sorrows force me to my Grave,
Accept this last Epistle from thy Slave!
Inspire my Thoughts, fairest in Beauty's Fame;
Oh! cou'd I say, in Virtue too the same!
With double Joy, I'd dwell on *Cælia's* Name:
Still, will I thee invoke, and not the *Nine*,
No Name so sweet, no Pow'r so great as thine.

Oh! for a skilful Muse! that cou'd impart
The various Torments of a bleeding Heart!
That, cou'd at once, the whole Creation move,
With all the strongest Images of Love!
Then to Mankind my Mis'ry wou'd be known,
And each, wou'd feel my Suff'rings, by his own.

4 ALEXIS to CÆLIA: or,

I doated once to such a vast degree,
 I thought all Pleasures center'd then in thee;
 How oft have I ador'd you, as you sung,
 Charm'd with the pleasing Accents of your Tongue,
 In you, I thought was ev'ry Joy of Life,
 And ev'ry Virtue of a tender Wife!
 In you, my Fair, was something ever new,
 And all I wish'd for, seem'd to be in you:
 Absence, which, ought a Remedy to prove,
 Nor, heal'd my Pains, nor, stop'd the Pow'r of Love!
 Four Years I woo'd thee with a faithful Flame,
 Thus, more and more, a wretched Slave became,
 At length, I thought each tender Argument,
 Secur'd your Heart, as sure as your Consent;
 Deluded thus, I made you strait my Bride,
 But often wish, that Moment I had dy'd;
 For, from *that Hour*, my fancy'd Joys begun,
 From *that curs'd Hour*, *Alexis* was undone.

By golden Charms I might have thee decoy'd,
 And with some Trouble, cou'd have thee enjoy'd,
 But Love, like Poyson, rag'd in ev'ry Vein,
 And such false Joys wou'd not have eas'd my Pain;

True

The Power of Love.

5

True *Love*, and *Lust*, a different meaning, claim,
Love, is a sacred — *Lust*, a brutish Flame :
Enjoyment only, is not my Desire,
More noble Sentiments my Breast inspire,
Vows crown'd with Honour, then, to thee I made,
Mov'd by a Passion, which, can scarcely fade:
Oh! think of all those Oaths you swore to me!
That, *Love* for *Love*, shou'd be return'd by thee.

Too oft I think upon th' unhappy Day,
When first to you, I gave my self away,
Our Vows exchange'd before the sacred Shrine,
There, I observ'd, you added Smiles to mine ;
Soon as the Rites were past, I wish'd for Night,
To revel in new Regions of delight :
At length, it came, when I was overjoy'd,
To find our Souls by busy Love employ'd,
With Raptures fill'd, I languish'd in your Arms,
Grew to your Breasts, and feasted on your Charms
O'erwhelm'd with Pleasures, thus, entranc'd I lay,
Whilst the *sweet Hours*, too swiftly pass'd away :
Recov'ring Life — I still pursu'd my Prize,
And saw the *Idol* dancing in your Eyes:

C

The

6 ALEXIS to CÆLIA: or,

The gracious Gods ne'er offer'd to controul,
The dear Delusion of my ravish'd Soul!
At last, I crown'd our Joys — and as we lay,
In harmless Sports we toy'd the Night away:
Oh! let me keep the sweet, bewitching Thought!
It charms my Soul, as Love's fond Passion ought!
But what, alas! did all your Vows avail?
And why did I (fond Fool) believe the Tale?
I found my Folly when it was too late,
I curs'd my Rashness, and bewail'd my Fate,
Those sacred Pleasures now from me are took,
By *Cælia* shun'd, by ev'ry Joy forsook:

So, glitt'ring Prospects, pleasing Dreams impart,
That sooth the Fancy, and engage the Heart,
'Till, by the flatt'ring Scene, too long, misled,
We wake in Rage, to find the Vision fled.

In vain I strive my Sorrows to describe,
To paint thy Falseness, or, destructive Pride,
Chagrin'd, distracted, driven to Despair,
Curs'd be the Wiles of that dear, faithless Fair!
Fond of Designs, you still pursue your Art,
Display your Charms to wound some foolish Heart,

Unthinking

Unthinking Youth, warn'd by my wretched Fate,
Fly from the false ones Arms, her Beauty hate,
For Poyson lurks beneath the guilded Bait.

When all the Troubles of the Day expire,
And weary Labourers to Bed retire,
When ev'ry Mortal shou'd be hush'd to Rest,
Unwonted Passions labour in my Breast,
And am too oft, with various Thoughts oppress'd.

Slumbers at length my troubl'd Soul subdue,
Whilst You, (*Deceiver*) stand before my view,
I start — and stare — and at the *Phantom* make,
But soon, alas, I find my fond Mistake:
I grasp it not, the *Mimick* Shadow flies,
And leaves my Senses stupid with Surprise,
I turn, and tofs, by fleeting Fancy led.
But find no ease, or, comfort in my Bed,
I leap from thence, and to the Window go,
Scorn all that *Cynthia's* silver Light can shew,
Throw up the *Sash*, and of my Fate complain,
Rave, sigh, and mourn—but find my Grief's in vain:
Slow I return, and to my Bed I creep,
Then close my watry Eyes, and try to sleep;

8 ALEXIS to CÆLIA: *cr,*

But ah! — how weak my Resolutions prove,
 For ev'ry Thought is kept awake by Love,
 Soon as resplendent Rays of Light appear,
 I rise, and straitway to the Groves repair,
 There, with Regret on Nature's Charms I gaze,
 Hear warbling Birds proclaim their Maker's Praise,
 I range from Brook to Brook, from Hill to Hill,
 Resolve to hate—but find—I love you still.

Fool that I am, thus publick to confess,
 I love false *Cælia* to too great Excess,
 Her Beauty will for e'er my Soul secure,
 And tho' I'm tortur'd, still reject the Cure,
 Thy Smiles, thy Eyes, thy Form I'll ne'er forget,
 Thy Picture view — but view it with Regret:
 I gaze so long, it lulls me fast asleep,
 Then dream a while, and only wake— to weep,
 Thy Charms alone my stiddy Thoughts engage,
 Nor Sighs, nor Tears, nor Sleep, my Pains assuage,
 I summon *Reason* from it's dark Recess,
 It flies — and leaves me in the same Distress,
 Too weak, alas, that pow'ful Aid will prove,
 When summon'd to repel the Force of Love,

That

That, like my Liberty is from me flown,
Despair and *Solitude* remain alone.

Tho' various Scenes my weary Eyes decoy,
'Tis you alone, my faithful Heart employ,
I trace the Woods, the Fields, and silent Glades,
The Vales, the Mountains, and the dreery Shades,
To painted Plains I then retreat a while,
To please my Fancy, and my Pains beguile,
There, I observe the happy, rural Throng,
Envy their Sports, and ev'ry harmless Song.
'Tis there, Almighty Love is free from Pain,
'Tis there, the Nymph enjoys her happy Swain,
Whilst bleating Flocks in verdant Meadows feed,
The happy Shepherd strikes the tuneful Reed,
His skilful Touch, the gaping Wounds obey,
O'er Hills, and Dales, the pleasing Sound convey.

Were I but free!— (if Woman cou'd prevail)
I'd Woo the Girl that bears the Milking-pail,
Her ruddy Cheeks an honest Mind declare,
And her plain, simple Nature, paints her Fair,
In her—— no Affectation I shou'd find,
But faithful Vows fix'd in a virtuous Mind,

TO ALEXIS to CÆLIA: or,

Coquettish Airs in her wou'd ne'er appear,
But a fond Heart, and Words that were sincere.

All Hopes forsake me in this deep Distress,
Distraction spreads it self without Redress,
In vain, I sigh, and mourn the tedious Day,
In vain, I weep the creeping Hours away,
In vain, I strive my self from Chains to free,
Too oft, curs'd Fool, I wish my self with *thee*.

Let Time, this Usage from my Mem'ry, blot,
Forget, forgive, forgiven, and forgot;
When all our Thoughts of worldly Joys are fled,
And the shrill Trumpet shall awake the Dead,
Then may our Souls unite, and be divine,
Then shall my Suff'rings cease, and so shall thine.

Sure Nature must this fatal Grief attend,
Fade then ye Flow'rs, ye Skies in Dews descend,
No more, ye Trees, your leafy Trophies, wear,
No more, soft Zephirs, shall perfume the Air,
No more, ye Streams, in pleasing Murmurs, flow,
And cease, O Sun! to guild the Orb below,

Cease

The Power of Love. 81

Cease all ye Stars to chear th' enquiring Sight,
And pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, gleam with sickly Light,
Let the sweet Linnet fly the breezy Glade,
Whilst Ravens shriek as in the mid-night Shade.

Some tender Pow'r my Misery condole,
And view the dreadful Conflict of my Soul!
But how shall I now take my last *Adieu*,
My silly Heart can scarce be torn from You,
Oh! for a Mind in Resolution fix'd!
Not with the least Compassion intermix'd,
To execute this last Result of Thought,
And tear away, as lost *Alexis* ought;
The Pains I feel, (like struggling Pangs of Death)
Survey my Body, and invade my Breath,
Yet, I'm resolv'd this Fondness to repel,
And since I must—deceitful Fair—farewel—
Recall the Sentence, for it must not be,
Oh, Heav'n! — I cannot, —will not part with thee,
Sooner shall Nature in it's Strength decay,
Whilst, my fond Soul in softness melts away;
But why do I thus on my Ruin dwell?
And not the Cause of all my Woe expel,

Oh!

12 ALEXIS to CÆLIA, &c.

Oh! curse my Folly!— now, I'll break the Chain,
 Once more resolv'd, I'll banish quite my Pain,
 These foolish Eyes no more on thee shall gaze,
 But shun those Charms, which, all the World amaze,
 No more, shall outward Forms my Reason blind,
 I'll e'er prefer the Beauties of the Mind:
 Thus, if Mankind wou'd live a happy Life,
 Of all Life's Ills, avoid a faithless Wife.

So, have I seen a Bank of various Flow'rs,
 Their blooming Beauties wash'd by gentle Show'rs,
 Whence reeking Odours fill'd me with Delight,
 Fragrant to Smell, and lovely to the Sight,
 A Stander-by, whom, such fair Flow'rs might charm,
 One straitway crop'd, unmindful of the Harm;
 But as he stoop'd some curious Flow'r to take,
 He felt the Poyson of a lurking Snake,
 He blam'd their Charms, which, did his Hand
 [misguide,
 Languish'd a while—then curs'd his Fate—and dy'd,





A
P O E M

Inscrib'd to his Excellency,
The Lord CARTERET.

Wrote in Ireland, Anno Dom' 1725.

Scribimus indocti doctique Poemata passim. Hor.

Detesting Flatt'ry, and to Art unbred, [led,
 To Fame unknown, nor yet by Fortune
 'Tis not to Vice advanc'd to high Degree,
 Like fawning Sycophants I bend my Knee,
 'Tis not the rich Man's Wealth that I esteem,
 Nor poorly to the Proud address my Theme,
 Virtue alone's th' Ambition of my Muse,
 And God-like CARTERET's the Theme I chuse.

D

CART'RET

Cart'ret! his Deeds the World's Attention c'aim,
 And all are pleas'd to hear that gen'rous Name,
 How just! how good! to Merit never blind,
 What great Perfections gild his Noble Mind!
 How affable! how graceful is his Mien?
 He charms th' admiring Throng when heard, or seen.

[Cold,]

When Northern Climes, (where Nature stiff with
 Their Friendship banish'd, and in Wars grew bold,
 Weaken'd at length, to Peace they did incline,
 And chose Great * *Cart'ret* for their good Design;
 He soon his mighty Talents did employ,
 And what they could not do, perform'd with Joy!
 Thus Fortune to their Aid this Statesman sent,
 Who fix'd new Friendship by his Management;
Sweden and *Denmark* to his Merit, owe
 The peaceful Harmony subsisting now.

His ROYAL MASTER conscious of his Worth,
 T' assist in Council, call'd him from the North;

* He was Ambassador to Sweden,

Where, at the Board, tho' young, he sat sedate,
His Wisdom ever shone in each Debate,
By great Experience taught, serenely shew'd,
What Pow'r from Truth, what Force from Reason, [flow'd;
Expert in Politicks and Statesman's Wiles,
Their Nets refrains, his Enemies beguiles.

Now *Albion's* Monarch bids him strait prepare,
To rule a Nation greatly worth his Care.

Hibernia! long with struggling Cares oppress'd,
Now smiles to see her Grievances redress'd,
She feels new Life move by his great Command,
Rears her bent Head, and owns his pow'rful Hand;
Those Troubles are dispers'd, which reign'd of late,
And all things flourish in a happy State;
They who deserve, his Bounty ever share,
He keeps th' unhappy Wretch from dark despair,
The guilty Persons oft his Mercy get,
And when they're punish'd, punish'd with Regret,

His Love to Learning has been ever shewn,
And * *Upsal's* Sons his gen'rous Hand must own.

When *Russia's* mighty Emperor design'd
To know those Arts, which, fill'd his Godlike Mind,
Void of all pride, he took the Lab'rer's part,
And skilful, penetrated ev'ry Art.

So *Cart'net* to compleat his good Designs,
His glorious Title for a while resigns,
Assumes new Dresses, and surveys the Streets,
Hails the *Plebeians*, joins with all he meets,
Hearkens to their Complaints, and thus unknown,
Talks with the *Cit*, the *Soldier*, and the *Clown*,
Fill'd with Remarks, remembers all he hears,
Hastes to the Castle, and *Himself* appears.

Oh! were our *Nobles*, all like him inclin'd!
They'd prove the best Examples to Mankind,
An honest Man wou'd ev'ry Post supply,
And proud Oppression from the Injur'd, fly,
Justice, without Corruption, wou'd appear
The good Man's Refuge, and the Wicked's Fear;

* He made a Present of valuable Books to that Univerfity.

New Paths of Goodness wou'd our Hearts entice,
Right baffle Wrong, and Virtue banish Vice;
This shou'd we wish, tho' fear the wish is vain,
But as we're happy let us not complain,
Since all these Virtues in our *Hero* reign.

May Fortune tend him with her pleasing Store,
The less he seeks her—still pursue him more,
May endless Joy and Pleasure follow this,
'Till Fortune cries *non ultra* to his Bliss:
Then may his Soul, (enlarg'd from mortal Clay)
Soar to the Saints, and seek the Realms of Day,
There lasting Peace, and solid Bliss he'll find,
Which can alone reward his virtuous Mind.

But now rash *Muse* descend; thy Flight recall,
Soar not too high, lest dang'rous be thy Fall,
You only write his Merits on the Shore,
Where, wash'd by flowing Tides, it's seen no more:
Let some great Pen, pursue the noble Prize,
In sweetest Lays his Name immortalize,
The Poet then, not only will Proclaim
Great *Cart'ret's* Worth—but Sing himself to Fame,



An ODE on CONTENT.

I.

BY anxious, urging Thoughts oppress,
 Awake, my Soul! to heav'nly Rest!
 To which, impetuous Floods of Care subside;
 Sullen Woes and Damps around,
 In eternal *Opiats* drown'd,
 By this, reduc'd as harmless Vapours glide.

II.

Thus blest'd secure, beyond compare,
 Remov'd from furly Passions far,
 The Mind anticipates it's Happiness;
 Free from Peace, perplexing Strife,
 In a solemn Void of Life,
 Dissolv'd in Ease, it loiters into Bliss.

III.

Let *Adria's* Billows Mountain-high,
 Invade the Rocks and wash the Sky;
 And thundring Tempests shake the sounding Shore:
 In this Transport while I lye,
 Lost in soft Tranquility,
 To Terrors deaf, I slumber more and more.

IV.

This does ambitious Hearts dismiss,
In vain they court and flatter *this*: [Spoils,
And, pomp'd with Honour's Hope, the glorious
Vainly does the glitt'ring Dust,
Destin'd to corroding Rust,
Propose it's Wealth, and avaritious Toils,

V.

By ev'ry Rank, by ev'ry Age,
By ev'ry Fool, by ev'ry Sage,
This universal *Antidote's* pursu'd:
To lovely *Daphne*, in the Shade,
Phæbus, Sighs and Ecchoes made,
For *this*, he sought the lovely Nymph, he woo'd

VI.

You only, *more* than happy you,
To whom, immortal Comfort's due,
Whose candid, God-like Innocence appears:
Above infesting Tumults high,
Above the noxious Pests that fly,
Almighty, rich CONTENT, for ever rears.



To CÆLIA.

I.

WHY, *Cælia*, will you not comply?

For you, my Passions swell,
And tho' my Heart you mortify,
It never shall rebel.

II.

The *Queen* of *Beauty* you outshine,
Your Charms, my Soul, subdue,
O! then, to make you quite Divine,
My Fate with pity view.

III.

I'll to some *tender* *Virgin* fly,
My Anguish to impart,
Whose *Beauty* may decoy my Eye,
But cannot touch my Heart.

IV.

Tis you, the Wishes all engage,
Of him, who is your Slave
You only can my Pains assuage,
And keep me from the Grave.

V. Perhaps,

V.

Perhaps, my Love, may once be kind,

Ah, no! the Thought is vain!

I fear she'll never change her Mind,

But leave me to complain.

VI.

Since, *Cælia*, has a steely Heart,

My Passions to reprove,

Oh! may she know no other Smart,

Than *That* of slighted Love.

On a RETIR'D LIFE.

A Life's unhappy, with *Content* not blest,
And heaps of Gold charm not the Miser's
[Breast,

Whilst, Riches we possess, no Pleasures give,

For *that* we cannot reach, we toil and live:

With eager Steps provoke the weary Chace,

Whilst a gay Cloud deludes the fond Embrace,

Like *Ion*-like, we fall by just Decree,

We court the Dangers, which, we plainly see,

And headlong rush away from Ease and Liberty.

E

Happy

12
22 On a RETIR'D LIFE.

Happy are those that shun betimes the Bait,
The gilded Snares, which, on most great Ones wait;
Altho' the splended Palace sooths the Soul,
Our Pains, the shining *Azure* can't controul,
Or, add one Moment to the little Span
Of Life, allotted to that Wretch, a Man:
For whilst we swell amidst new Scenes of Art,
Corroding Sorrows will command a Part, [Heart. }
And spite of all our Pomp, severely probe the

The low hung Chariot will not ease our Grief
For a Child's Loss, or, send the least Relief;
The brawny Slaves that careless hang behind,
But poorly cure the wretched, jealous Mind:
When heaving Throbs the tortur'd Bosom rend,
Our Gold and Grandeur prove a helpless Friend:
Plagu'd with the Gout, or Cholick, then in vain }
For Ease, we to the useles Dross complain. [Gain.
Doctors, and nauseous Drugs, devour the ill-got

O! might I chuse my humble Life to lead,
Where no barb'd Steeds in pompons splendour tread,
Where Pride and Grandeur's utterly unknown,
And each just Pair's contented with their own:

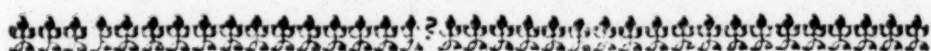
Where

Where happy Ease, and sweet Contentment lives,
 And Heav'n in store, it's quiet Blessings gives;
 Not sour'd with ought that can their Bliss destroy,
 Where each soft Moment is a Heav'n of Joy, [cloy,
 Heighten'd by just Degrees, and which can never

This, my dear *Calia's*, all I wish to taste,
 Whilst both my Arms encircl'd round thy Waste,
 My ravish'd Eyes, on thine, for ever dwell,
 And my fond Heart the wondrous Secrets tell:
 Point how the gaudy Flowers catch the Eyes,
 What several Ways the genial Sap does rise;
 Shew how the painted Tulip sweetly blows,
 And whence the Colours of the scented Rose,
 Whilst all in thy fair Face, their blended Sweets
 [compose.]

This, my dear Girl, wou'd be a pleasing Task,
 And *this*, ye Pow'rs, is all on Earth I ask,
 From the minutest Thing, the God-head, raise,
 Whilst round yon azure Vault my Thoughts shou'd
 [stray,
 Where rowling Worlds for ever form their Way,
 Where mighty Orbs, in wondrous Circles, move,
 And tuneful Spheres join Harmony and Love,
 E 2 Till

'Till lost in Wonder on thy lovely Breaſt,
 My ſinking Soul ſhou'd find it's peaceful Reſt,
 [Language bleſt,
 Pleas'd more than Art can pleaſe, and beyond



*To BELINDA, upon her exceſſive Paſ-
 ſion for a MAN, that makes her
 no Return.*

YOU love, you love, BELINDA, to Exceſs,
 Ungrateful STREPHON ſtill regards you leſs,
 In this Miſfortune, think you're not alone,
 But gueſs *Philander's* Suff'rings, by your own :
 To wiſh, to plead, to beg, the Task is mine,
 Thine, to preſerve—and to be tender, thine,
 Oh ! let your Beauty rouse your Sex's Pride !
 Diſdain the haughty Swain, his Form deride,
Philander knows, what, to your Charms, is due,
 He mourns, he ſighs, he pines away for you,
 Withdraw that Paſſion you conceive in vain,
 And fix it, where 'twill be return'd again,
 Then ſhall my Pain, which, now for Pity calls,
 Diſſolve like Snow, that on the Water falls,
 Decrease,

Decrease, like ebbing Tides upon the Shore,
Or, like a Sigh, vanish— and be no more.



Against AMBITION.

AWAY, *Ambition*, with thy gaudy Trains,
Of Pride, Pomp, Luxury, and all those ills,
Which, wretched Mortals strive with so much Pains,
To get and lose their Healths, to please their Wills,
Tormenting Rage! when airy Fancy flies,
And paints out Riches, Kingdoms, Monarchies:

The heaving Breast,
Can gain no Rest,

Whilst lab'ring Thoughts new Mountains raise,
Of *airy* Honour, *airy* Praise.

Thus, whilst the Beggar swells with empty State,
And the fir'd Soul, wou'd, in it self, be great,
The abject Body feels a wretched Weight!

But O! how foolish are the Pains we take,
To gain the Trifle that is now in view,
With how much Guilt the sordid Trash we rake,
That flies th' Embrace as fast as we pursue:

That

That scarce posselt, the Soul, again
 Mounts in a new and higher Strain:
 The so much long'd for Joy has lost it's Taste,
 And we, with equal Toil, after new visions haste:
 'Till in the vain Pursuit, we, hated, fall
 Unheard, unpity'd, for one Moment, call,
 Resolv'd to Dust, and our first poor Original.

How faint the Pleasures, guilty Actions bring!
 How short their Durance, and how sharp their Sting!

Repeated Ills must gain us Rest,
 New Schemes of Folly fill the Breast,
 For Thought and Recollection Daggers prove,
 'Tis Death, the Ashes of past Ills, to move:
 Yet *Conscience!* the dread Judge 'twixt *Good* and *Ill*,
 Sometimes prevails, and triumphs o'er the Will:

Then cou'd we see the vicious Soul,
 Amidst ten thousand Tortures rowl:
 Behold the dreadful Conflict that's within,
 The just and true Reward of wilful Sin,
 Sure we shou'd Die, to think what Wretches we
 [have been.]



In Praise of A M B I T I O N.

Ambition noble, great Desire!
 The purer Part of Heav'nly Fire!
 Come warm my Breast, and let 'em see,
 What Man can do, inspir'd by thee:
 In ancient Stories, *Bards* have sung,
 How Honours from their Father's sprung,
 I, to *myself alone*, wou'd owe
 The Scource, from whence, my Honours flow:
 Or, in the brave Attempt, I'd lose
 A worthless Life, which, few wou'd choose,
 To Drag in constant Misery,
 When one bold Stroke wou'd set him free:
 For once resolv'd, Death soon appears,
 Strip'd of the Terrors, which, he wears.



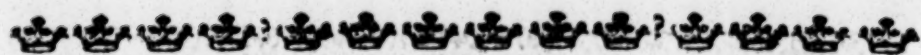


To CÆLIA.

IN vain will Songs of old from hence declare,
 A *Grecian* Beauty, or a ten Years War,
Paris had otherways bestow'd the Prize,
 Had he beheld the Fire of *Cælia's* Eyes!
 And Stories that by Ancient *Bards* are told,
 Of Beauties cast in Nature's fairest Mould,
 Had to your Wit, and lovely Form giv'n Place,
 And they in Silence had admir'd your Face,
 For Words can never paint one single Grace.



Upon



*Upon CÆLIA's having a little Dog in
her Lap, nam'd Cloe, written ex-
tempore.*

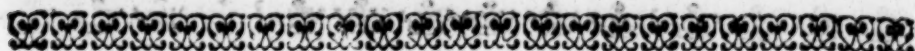
'TIS four-footed Cloe, your Smiles can engage,
Whilst a Shape that is human must bear with
[your Rage,
Since, thus, my Addresses by *Cælia's* refus'd, [us'd,
Pray, who wou'd be Man? when a Dog's so well



On a CHINESE PAGOD.

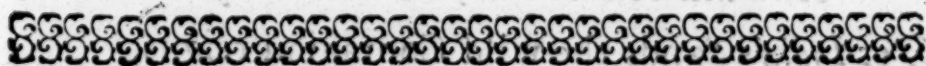
AS each peculiar Deity is prais'd,
And diff'rent Altars, diff'rent Ways are rais'd,
O'er *India's* Sands the wild Contagion reigns,
Whilst Light and Truth fill *Albion's* happy Plains;
They, without Guides, trace out the hidden Way,
Taught by imperious Priests to tremble and obey,
Whilst we, more happy, led by Truth's fair Clue,
The mystick Pow'r, thro' fairer Opticks view.

F **To**



TO CÆLIA.

YE gentle *Seraphs*, who the Virtuous guard,
 Let my dear *Cælia* be your chiefest Ward,
 To you, I now commend the charming Fair,
 And leave her to your more immediate Care ;
 Let num'rous Angels watch each Step she takes,
 Smooth all her Dreams, & bless her when she 'wakes:
 Make ev'ry gloomy Minute swiftly fly,
 Charm each sad Thought, and cancel ev'ry Sigh:
 And if there is a Moment, when you find
 Her Soul, to pity my poor Heart, inclin'd,
 Then, gently, gently, all my Suff'rings move,
 And tell her, that *Philander* dies for Love.

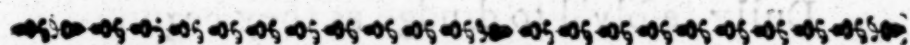


To Miss ———

IF in thy Youth such wond'rous Wit appears,
 If so much Beauty reigns in fourteen Years,
 If we admire the now but budding Rose,
 What Beauties will the full blown Flow'r disclose!

When

When rip'ning Time shall mellow ev'ry Grace,
 And add new Lustre to thy lovely Face:
 For if that Face does now like Infant-Light,
 With rising Beauties hurt the wondring Sight,
 Who'll dare to look on thy *Meridian* Height,
 When the collected Rays together meet, [Heat. }
 And what before but warm'd, shall be immod'rate



To CÆLIA. A Song.

CÆLIA, her Beauties Love inspire,
 Ravish fond Man, and raise Desire,
 O! cou'd I clasp her in my Arms!
 And revel o'er her sacred Charms!
 On her fair Breasts I'd panting lye,
 And tempt my Charmer to comply, }
 Then feast on Joys in extasy.

She conquers all without Controul,
 Delights the Heart, and tunes the Soul,
 Alas, she knows her Pow'r too well,
 How to enslave, and then repel,

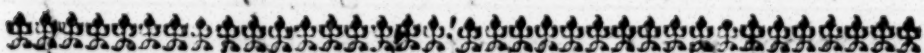
32 *On the COMMONALTY.*

But if the Nymph despise your Pray'r,
Let God-like Man disdain Despair,
Resent, and range from Fair to Fair.



On the COMMONALTY.

MEN of low Souls in lower Fortunes run,
Dully resolv'd to drudge as they begun :
No Hopes of future Greatness ever warms,
Riches and Honour have with them no Charms :
The beaten Path, which, their Forefathers trod,
Is by the Sons still made the constant Road,
Inur'd to Toil, they, sweating, earn their Food,
Content to live in Pain, and *ignorantly* Good.



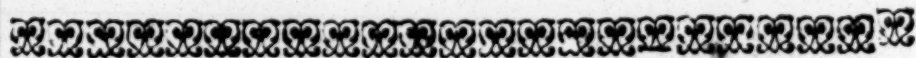
Upon a beautiful LADY, *loosing both*
her EYES.

THose mournful Eyes once shone so bright,
They set the World on Fire,
Those, who, approach'd their dazling Light,
Grew mad with fierce Desire.

Tho'

Tho' thus they govern'd for a while,
 Their Charms now disappear,
 Those Eyes, which, us'd to raise a Smile,
 Now move a trickling Tear.

So, does the Sun that's newly rose,
 His glitt'ring Charms display,
 'Till envious Clouds strait interpose,
 And darken all the Day.



To CÆLIA, complaining of her Cruelty.

COY CÆLIA, why must I pursue?
 And yet never hope to obtain,
 In Return for my Passion to you,
 One Look that may flatter my Pain.

O! why was your Face made so fair?
 Your Wit and your Shape so genteel?
 Or, why are you prais'd ev'ry where?
 To add to the Tortures I feel.

But Cælia's grown proud of her Face,
 And scorns her poor Swain that adores,
 For

34 *Complaining of her Cruelty.*

For she is consulting her Glafs,
Whilft he, her loft Mercy implores.

Some Shepherd more happy than I,
Is blest with your kindest Returns,
In vain to each Willow I sigh,
And hopeless my Passion still burns.

Go, beautiful Cruelty, go,
You laugh at the Fate of your Swain,
Too late, you, repenting, may know,
What you lost by your haughty Disdain.

Yet, if so much Pity you have.
To see me laid low in the Ground,
Or, drop but one Tear on my Grave,
'Twill cancel the Cause of my Wound.



A PROLOGUE, to the Town of Shrewsbury, for Mr. Dyer's Com- pany.

WHen Roscius flourish'd in the Roman State,
'Twas Acting chiefly made him justly great,
He

He was an Actor that deserv'd the Name,
 And stands recorded in the Books of Fame,
 His *Virtues* and his *Eloquence* were rare,
 Such, as prefer'd him to his Monarch's Care:
 How, were the Actors in those Ages blest'd!
 Honour'd! rever'd! protect'd! and carest'd!
 But we degen'rate from the *Roman* Time,
 And fancy, acting on the Stage—— a Crime:
 'Tis a mistaken Thought, and all assert,
 Men, in this way of Life *may have Desert*:
Merit, in all Professions shou'd be priz'd,
 And those, who, act like Villains, be despis'd.

POETS by Writing, strive to banish Vice,
 And *we*, by Acting— which, is more concise:
 Virtue, of Beauty always is the Source,
 As fair Example adds to Precept, Force.

We, are a little Common-wealth, design'd
 To please the Fancy, and improve the Mind;
 We've been in * Bondage for a while detain'd,
 Now broke our Chains and Liberty regain'd,

* Some of the Company were Imprison'd for Debt.

Thus

36 *the Town of Shrewsbury.*

Thus wander'd here together as ye see,
 Being as yet but in our Infancy,
 Ladies, be pleas'd to stand in our Defence,
 All must submit and own your Influence.
 I am sent here, the Cause of all, to plead,
 Let me then have the Honour to succeed,
Shrewsb'ry has always born a gen'rous Name,
 Now let us find that *Shrewsb'ry's* still the same,
 If our Endeavours, ye design to crown,
 With one Consent, the kind Agreement, own.



To CÆLIA.

FAIR CÆLIA's Charms transparent shine,
 Enrich'd with Airs, which, grace her,
 She's full of Wit, and Truth divine,
 'Tis Heav'n to embrace her.

Her Eyes, than Gems, are far more bright,
 She's youthful, gay, and slender,
 She lightens all the Shades of Night,
 From Ills, ye Gods defend her.

Her

Her Lips are soft beyond compare,
 A lively Red assuming,
 Thro' which, breaths, *Aromatick* Air,
 Each wanton Swain perfuming.

Her jetty Hair hangs down in Rings,
 Dishevell'd on each Shoulder,
 Her rosy Bloom my Fancy wings,
 In Raptures I behold her.

Ten thousand Angels round her dance,
 To wait her airy Motion,
 Whilst I, well pleas'd, watch ev'ry Glance,
 She's part of my Devotion.

Despairing Crowds beside her stand,
 And as she's thus surrounded,
 By cunning *Cupid's* strict Command,
 Each gazing Mortal's wounded.

When we together sport and play,
 I snatch a thousand Kisses,
 But toying thus to pass the Day,
 Encreases but my Wishes.

To her, I ever swiftly fly,
 Admiring ev'ry Feature,
 I wishful gaze, and gazing, die,
 Adieu, divinest Creature.



To CÆLIA. *The Complaint Redress'd.*

FOUR tedious Years my CÆLIA fair,
 I wou'd, in hopes she wou'd be mine,
 The Nymph unmindful of my Pray'r,
 Left sad *Alexis* long to pine.

I've often plough'd the foaming Seas,
 My raging Passion to forget,
 Still fix'd in Love, receiv'd no Ease,
 But view'd the Billows with Regret.

My Love is slender, young, and gay,
 Her Stature, of a middle Size,
 Like some mild Sun she gilds the Day,
 With Lustre sparkling from her Eyes.

Her Beauty, Innocence, and Wit,
 Might place her in a *Monarch's* Arms,

And

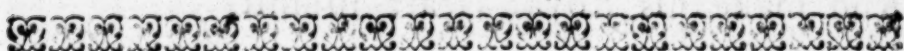
And make his Royal Heart submit,
To join *his Glory* to *her Charms*.

There's scarce an Alcove, Lawn, or Glade,
But o'er I've rang'd to find Relief,
Where, seated in some silent Shade,
I've wept, to ease my heavy Grief.

So, when a Turtle haunts the Bow'rs,
Desirous to indulge his Fate,
He coo's away the creeping Hours,
And mourns the Absence of his Mate.

At length the Fair observing this,
Resolv'd to play a grateful Part,
Rewarded all my Pains with Bliss,
By giving me her tender Heart.

Now CÆLIA's mine, the Knot is ty'd,
Well pleas'd, I'll make no more Complaint,
For I've possess'd the blushing Bride,
And tasted Joys wou'd *charm* a Saint.



A D R E A M.

ALEXIS once despairing lay,
 Beside a purling Stream,
 On which, the Sun did brightly play,
 With many a wanton Beam.

His briny Tears bedew'd his Face,
 With troubl'd Thoughts oppress'd,
 'Till *Morpheus* with his leaden Mace,
 Had charm'd his Soul to rest.

When strait his Fancy in a Dream,
 (What oft he'd wish'd in vain)
 Presented Bathing in the Stream,
 The Nymph, who, caus'd his Pain.

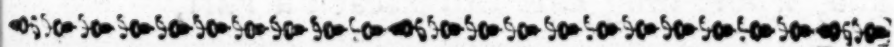
Pleas'd at the Sight, a while he stay'd;
 And on the Bank he stood,
 Resolv'd to catch the fleeing Maid,
 He plung'd into the Flood.

The Flood more cruel than the Maid,
 The Swain did soon awake,
 His Mistress, with his Dream, being fled,
 He found his fond Mistake.



To CÆLIA.

MUST *Gold* still conquer, *Gold* alone subdue,
 And honest Arts not have the Pow'r to move;
 Riches are what the Fair still keeps in view,
 None ere without, must hope success in Love:
 Vain Youth, then cease, nor dare thy thoughts to
 Amongst some rural Maid's thy Passion tell, [raise,
 Unknown, unthought of, is thy humble Praise,
 Grandeur alone does her fair Bosom swell:
 Hard Fate! that honest Love no Merit wears,
 And gen'rous Constancy a Fault appears,
 None now must hope Success from Vows and Tears.



The WISH, at Sea.

YE gentle Winds, propitious Gales,
 Be kind, and fill our flagging Sails,
 And waft us to the wish'd for Shore;
 And thou, great Pow'r, who, dost command
 The *Winds*, the *Skies*, the *Seas*, and *Land*,
 Whom, we with trembling do adore;

O!

O! grant we may our wish'd for Port obtain,
Free from Pyratick Men and Terrors of the Main.

The Sea is calm, the Sky is clear,
Our Hopes are bold, nor do we fear,
The *Ocean's* smooth enticing Face;
The Surges rise, and Winds do blow,
And Mountain Waves from *Nothing* grow:
Deceitful Mirrour, fatal Glafs!
That Pow'r, which, late we did with scorn despise,
We now implore with trembling Hands and Eyes.

Vain Men! that on your Knowledge do depend,
And take each Science for your Friend,
Ambitious of your knowing Souls!
You, whose long Life can't reach a Part,
Of any Science, any Art,
Know, that a mighty God your Pow'r controuls:
A God revenging what you laugh at most,
[you boast.
Who, made you what you are, and gave you what

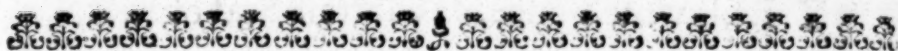
To CÆLIA, *the Uneasiness of Love.*

MY Bed, which once, the softest Seat of Rest,
Calm'd all my Thoughts, and smooth'd my
[troubl'd Breast

Now, spite of Toil, denies me soft Repose,
And tires my Eyes, forbidding them to close:
Staring at Darkness, yet methinks I see,
A fair, soft Image, representing thee;
Which, like the Di'mond, sends a stronger Light,
Help'd by the Shades and Darkness of the Night:
Thus tiresome Labour takes up all the Day,
At Night, thy Form steals all my Rest away.
No Wonder then, my haggard Looks declare
Their inward Motion, and intestine War:
When the Day's Labour with the Night don't cease,
But rather helps to aggravate my Peace:
Hard Fate! when Night and Day together join,
And leave *their Enmity* to fill up *mine*,
I, in the Day thy beauteous Image, praise,
At Night, the Stars thy soft *Idea* raise:

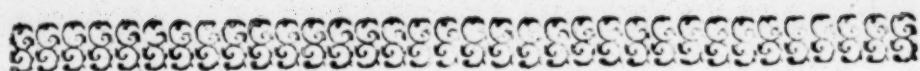
Thus

Thus, the long Day no ease, my Sorrows find,
 And Darkness helps those Grievs, which, in it
 [Peace should find,



To the Same.

THus, when by Fortune, and by Man disgrac'd,
 Thrown from those dang'rous Heights by
 [Folly plac'd;
 Alone, with furious Cries, I vent my Grief.
 And trouble Heav'n, in vain, for my Relief:
 In vain, my Wishes, not upheld by Fate,
 To beg this Likeness, or that Man's Estate,
 Desiring Arts and Sciences from Heav'n,
 Already not content with what is giv'n;
 Whilst these uneasy Thoughts rowl in my Mind,
 I haply think on thee, and there I find
 Ease—which, like Light above the eastern Hills,
 My Mouth with Songs, my Soul with Rapture fills;
 Strait all corroding Thoughts are forc'd away,
 Thy Sun of Beauty brightens all the Day,
 Dispels the Clouds, and sets each Motion free,
 And Kings not envy'd, when I think on thee.



The Pleasures of a COUNTRY LIFE.

THE winged Fancies of the learned Quill,
 Tell of strange Wonders, sweet *Parnassus* Hill,
Castalia's Well, the *Helliconian* Spring,
 Star-spangl'd Vallies, where the Muses sing.

Admired Tales another Story yields,
 Of pleasant *Tempe*, and th' *Elisian* Fields:
 Yet these are nothing to the Sweet that dwells,
 In low built Cottages and Country Cells.

O! thrice, thrice happy he, who, shuns the Cares,
 Of City Troubles, and of State-Affairs!
 And serving *Ceres*, Tills with his own Team,
 His own free Land, left by his Friends to him.

O! blest is he, who, tir'd with his Affairs,
 Far from all Noise, all vain Applause, prepares
 To go, and underneath some silent Shade,
 Which, neither Cares, nor anxious Thoughts invade.

Think on our Great CREATOR as we ought,
 How, his *least* Work surpasses human Thought,

H

View

46 *The Pleasures of a Country Life.*

View all the Wonders of his pow'rful Hand,
And see, how all Things move by his Command.

Who cou'd be so unkind as to persuade,
That I shou'd e'er forsake my Country Shade,
Such Joys I e'er shall love, and shall be pleas'd
From all the 'Town's Vexations to be eas'd.



To a LADY, playing on a Base-Viol.

IF all that know BELINDA now admire,
If all that see her, glow with warm Desire,
Who'll dare to look when diff'rent Charms combine,
And her sweet Voice with artful Sounds shall join?
The double Harmony our Souls must move,
And charm each trembling *Fibre* into Love,
Subdue, resistless, every Gazer's Heart,

[Dart;

New string her *Cupid's* Bow, and sharper point his
For, who, unmov'd, can hear the tuneful Strings,
When to her *Base*, the lov'd BELINDA sings.

To

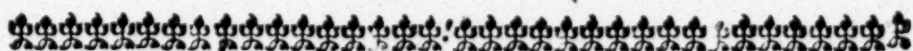


To CÆLIA.

O! Was thy Constancy but like thy Face,
 Thy Dove-like Carriage not too like the Glass,
 True, thou like that, art bright, yet brittle too,
 Softer than Wax, yet like that Wax, untrue :
 Like the pale Lilly, with the Damask join'd,
 None falser, or, none fairer, can we find ;
 When you, your Lips, to mine, with eager Kifs

[Bliss:

Have join'd, whilst Oaths confirm'd the panting
 How many pleasing Tales have you then told,
 To keep that Love, you fear'd was growing cold :
 Yet, whilst the Bliss was wanton in your Mind,
 Your *Vows*, your *Tears*, and *Oaths*, were all but wind



To the Same.

I OWN, Fair Maid, that I deserve the least
 Of all your Lovers, tho' I love the best :

H 2

My

My Passion burns as strong and pure as theirs,
 My Heart, Love's faithful constant Liv'ry wears:
 Not that the utmost that Mankind can do,
 Will e'er deserve so rich a Gem as you;
 I own I hardly hope, but yet I will
 Pay you my constant Vows, and love you still:
 With ardent Eyes behold your Beauties grow,
 Admire my Chains, and hug my endless Woe:
 'Till spent with loving, I at last expire,
Victim to your hard Heart, and Martyr to Desire.

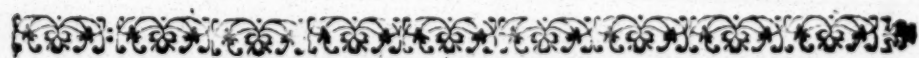


To A——N H——LL, Esq;

TO say from whence the hidden Causes rise,
 Or, how a Passion seizes thro' the Eyes,
 From whence indiff'rent Faces, shall appear
 To the fond Lover so divinely fair?
 Or, how the Soul by Custom is betray'd,
 Now t' admire and love the once hated Maid,
 That even what we once with Horror view'd,
 Shall be, with an immoderate Heat, pursu'd?

Or,

Or, why the Fair shall hate, the Lover burn?
Again, the Lover scorn the Maid's Return?
The Man admir'd, has neither Wit or Sense,
And him be hated, where they both commence:
To thee, *Great BARD!* this Task is justly due,
This Task, thy Muse alone, can keep in view:
Impetuous, in *Firdarick* Numbers, stray,
Form a new Path, and smooth th' unbeaten Way:
Whilst lowly I, thy wondrous Flights admire,
Strive to reprint thy Steps, and catch thy Fire:
In humble Songs, *Love's* little Passions tell,
And imitate thy great *Original*:
Proud thus to Copy from so great a Hand,
And touch those Graces, you so well command,



To *Miss* B—D at D—CH.

CAN you not, SYLVIA, in my Eyes,
Read what my Heart wou'd say?
Or, see my Passion when my Sighs,
Abruptly force their Way,

50 *To Miss B—D at D—CH.*

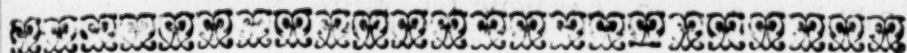
My Fear ev'n choaks each distant Sound,
That shou'd my Torture tell:
And when I wou'd disclose my Wound,
My fault'ring Words rebel.

Sure you must see how much I love,
Yet play a cruel Part:
Resolv'd my Constancy to prove,
And deeply probe my Heart.

Too strictly Virtuous you appear:
For Modesty allows,
To dissipate a Lover's Fear,
If he with Honour vows.

Confirm his Choice, and bid him live,
To hope for just Returns,
That, Time may to his Passion give,
The Joy, for which, he burns.





To the SAME.

AFTER long tumbling on my Bed,
 With aching Heart, and troubl'd Head,
 Striving if possible, to find
 A Way, to drive you from my Mind:
 But still the more I try'd and strove,
 I found my self the more in Love:
 And what was worse, I know not when,
 Or, where, to meet with you again,
 To bless my Eyes with that dear Face,
 Where, ev'ry Beauty, ev'ry Grace,
 Where, ev'ry Form that Art, or, Nature
 Can join, to make a charming Creature,
 In just Proportion sweetly meets,
 And ev'ry Eye with Pleasure greets.

Your curling Locks on Forehead high,
 Out-rival Jet and Ivory:
 Two charming Brows compose two Arches,
 Where, *Love* in Triumph ever marches:
 And from thence with sure surprize,
 Kills by the Cannon of your Eyes:

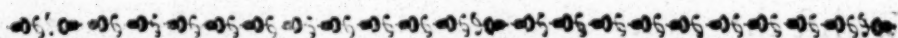
Your

Your Nose, the *Knomon* to your Face,
Rises with such a gentle Grace,
Pygmalion might have scorn'd his Art,
And form'd from yours that beauteous Part:
Your lovely Cheeks for ever glow,
Like Roses mix'd with new fall'n Snow:
And then your Lips I press with Kisses,
Which, can't be done without warm Wilches,
Red, soft, and plump, beyond compare,
Your Breath, like Blossoms, scent the Air:
Your Mouth so sweetly form'd, it seems,
As Nature made you by Extreame:
And then the Musick of your Tongue,
Excells whatever *Syrens* sung:
Yet if 'tis possible to be,
Your Chin excells in Symmetry.

WHAT is't this wond'rous File supports?
A Neck, where ev'ry Grace resorts:
Not Marble Pillars can appear
So form'd, so round, so white, so fair;
Below, just peeping 'bove your Stays,
Two snowy Breasts their Beauties raise,

Where

Where wanton, amorous *Cupids* play,
 Our Hearts on purpose to betray:
 Your slender Waste, by just Degrees
 Grown small, each Gazer's Eyes does please:
 But then below——ay, ther's the THING,
 Which, I must never dare to sing:
 'Tis an unknown, enchanted Shore,
 Which, none but *Hymen* must implore.



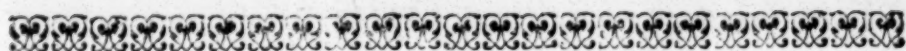
To Mrs. H——LL.

HArmonious Musick fills each pleasing Song,
 And gentle Accents dwell upon thy Tongue,
 Such sweet Behaviour all thy Actions crowns,
 As Thought can't reach, but wondring Silence owns.



To Mrs. A——R.

SURE in thy Smiles, the Joys of Heaven dwell!
 And in thy Frowns, the tort'ring Pains of Hell:
 Smile on dear Fair, and bless my wishful Sight,
 Whilst thy sweet Eyes dispel the Shades of Night.



To Miss E——E S.

WHAT shall I say of thee, thou tender Flow'r?
 Thou heav'nly Bliss of ev'ry coming Hour:
 Thy graceful Mien, thy Wit, and lovely Air,
 Prove thee the Fav'rite of the circling Fair:
 May Joys revolving dance away thy Days,
 Whilst thy sweet Charms, soft Passions, ever raise,
 When cruel Death shall end thy happy Years,
 Mankind shall mourn, and melt away in Tears.

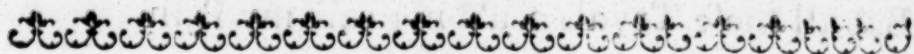


*The DISCOVERY, in Imitation of
 LORD LANDSDOWN. To the cele-
 brated, ingenious, and beautiful
 Mrs. A—D—WS.*

THOU Darling of my Heart! most heav'nly Fair!
 Long hast thou been my *Muse's* chiefest Care:
 Slighted by thee, I, (ign'rant of my Crimes :)
 O'er Seas, and Mountains pass'd, to distant Climes:
 From *Albion's* Shore, o're *Russia's* frozen Lands,
 Again, from thence, o'er *India's* burning Sands:
 But

But all these Tryals cou'd not ease my Pain,
 And all Attempts to banish thee—were vain :
 Read o'er these Lines, and think how all agree,
 And then, from hence, learn how to pity me :
 Here, you will find, *you've* always been in view,
 All, that to CÆLIA's said, is meant to you,
 Except that Letter, from *Alexis* sent
 To *Cælia*, which, to you, is nothing meant :
 You are *Divine*, tho' you, my Heart, perplex,
 She, the Reverse, the *Scandal* of her Sex :
 O! cou'd you view the Workings of my Heart!
 You'd find it's Constancy in ev'ry Part :
 In vain, I strive, for Happiness to sue,
 By Fortune curs'd, and doubly curs'd by you :
 I shou'd, in Death, a Rest from Troubles, find,
 I — the unhappiest Wretch, of all Mankind.





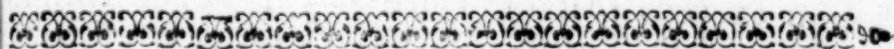
To CÆLIA.

IT is almost impossible for you to think how great a Shock I met with in parting with you— If Wishes were not vain, I wou'd be in a moment with you: Fly, as quick as Thought, and gently whisper in your Ears, the Sufferings of my Soul — Cou'd you but conceive my Pain, I am convinc'd, it wou'd sooth your Negligence into a Concern, charm you into Fondness, and fill that dear, that soft, that tender Breast of yours with a pitying Notion of my Distress — If you dare venture to trust me with your Heart, I swear, by all those little *Gods*, that dance about your Eyes, the Man is not born, that wou'd treat it better than I will — I had rather fancy myself Master of it, than believe that I am Emperor of the whole World —.

I often gaze upon your Picture with steadfast Eyes, kiss it o'er and o'er a thousand times: then, with a breaking Heart, bath it With my gushing Tears — I court it, but it answers not — I chide it for not speaking, but it still continues dumb — it sings me no pretty Songs as you us'd to do — the Eyes, want the Sweetness, and agreeable Fire — the Tongue, a Fluency of Wit — the Voice, the harmonious Musick — the Face, a becoming Smile — the whole Aspect, a sweet, prevailing Air — and the Head, an engaging Nod — I say, each of these, wants the enlivening Beauties of the Original —.

ALL

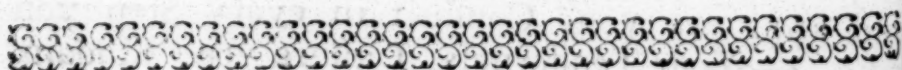
ALL my Thoughts are employ'd to make you happy, in whose Happiness, consists my own—Nothing can remove my unbounded Passion; my generous, and constant Flame, shall never cease to burn, but glow within my Breast, to warm my Blood, and chear my drooping Heart—O! 'tis mighty LOVE! the Effect of your Charms, will refine my Thoughts, direct my Tongue to utter soft Things, govern my Actions, and inspire my Soul to do all that's *Great and Good!*



To the SAME.

I CANNOT after receiving so kind a Letter, content my self with the bare answering it but once: my languishing Soul, which, is overcome with the Softness of your Strain, and Politeness of your Stile, deserts it's Abode, and flies to you: it attends you in all the Actions of Life, and approves your Conduct in every Step you take—Your Tendernefs, I assure you, Madam, helps to lighten and support the Weight of my Chains—I shun all Company and Diversions, and never think my self so happy, as when alone, and even then, I am become, as it were, a Stranger to my self: I suffer my Imagination to deceive me a while, by fancying that you are with me: but soon, alas, the empty Fantom flies me, and gives me Time to grieve at the Misfortune of being deceiv'd by a false Pleasure—I search for you, in Woods, Groves, Lawns, Alcoves, flow'ry Meads, silent Shades, in sweet Retreats by purling Streams, and in all the delightful Places of
Nature

Nature I call to you, but you answer not—
 I play upon my Flute in these solitary Places
 some pensive Air; the tuneful Birds, and little
 bleating Flocks, answer to the Sound and indulge
 my melancholy Hours—'Tis in vain, I seek
 you, I can find you no where but in my Soul,
 there you may reign, and freely range without
 Disturbance, there you may guide the Reins, and
 use me as you please—In Beauty, and Per-
 fections, you as much excel the rest of your
 Sex, as Innocence surpasses Guilt, or, my tender
 Passion exceeds *that* of Hate—I never smile,
 or, say a soft Thing, in the Company of any
 of your Sex, lest I shou'd commit a Robbery
 from that Store, which belongs, not to my self,
 but you—I have not a Thought, a Wish, or
 Sigh, but what are all employ'd for you, for
 your Sake they are conceiv'd, and in your Ser-
 vice they expire—as my Love for you, shall
 never know any Bounds, so I will set none to
 the Pleasure I find in rehearsing it.

*To the SAME.*

I HAVE now sufficient Reason to chide you,
 for not granting those Blessings, which, are
 in your Power to bestow upon me in my Ab-
 sence, I mean your unkind Neglect of Writing—
 however, be it as it will, use me as you please,
 I must still own my self your Slave—Your
 Smiles may make me happy even in the midst
 of Misfortunes; but your Frowns, I believe to be
 greater

greater Torments than *those* of Hell—— Do you know what I suffer for your Silence? Can you once imagine it?—— No— If you did, you are too tenderly form'd by Nature, than willingly to encrease my Anguish—— You see, *Madam*, I had rather believe you ignorant of the Pains I suffer, than judge you to be guilty of a cruel Action—— What must I do, to be blest'd with your Affection?— Is it impossible for me to be made so happy?—— Are you resolv'd to be always deaf to my Complaints?—— Can nothing, I say, engage you to believe my Assertions? — If so, I am the most miserable Man alive!——

I WAS Yesterday at Court, where there was a fine Ball; the Ladies made a gay Appearance, were richly dress'd, and several adorn'd with *Brilliant* Necklaces, but I assure you, *Madam*, I saw not one Lady there, that seem'd half so tempting, or, appear'd a thousandth Part so engaging as my dear CÆLIA. When you dress your self in *Brilliants*, every Gem proves a Blemish, and hides a natural Beauty—— You are Beautiful by Nature, but all others seem (to me) scarce agreeable by Art—— There's not a Day that passes, whenever you vouchsafe to grace the *Mall*, but thousands feel the powerful Influence of your Charms!—— You are envied by your own Sex, but ador'd by ours—— In short, praise you without Flattery, commend you without Art, chide you without Anger, and love you without Bounds.

To

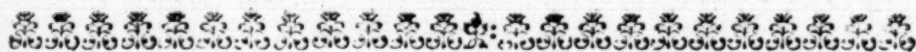


To the SAME.

WHAT Language can I find strong enough, to express my Gratitude, for your kind, and engaging Epistle? How shall I be able to describe those Transports of Joy I felt, when I open'd it, and saw the Contents were pen'd by those dear Hands of thine? — Cou'd you but have view'd me at that Instant, you wou'd have seen display'd, the tenderest Marks of Passion, that ever started from the Soul of Man! — I own my self unable to pursue the Task, because my Sentiments flow faster than I can find Words to speak their Meaning — Oh! lend me some of thy enchanting Eloquence; with such divine Assistance, I cou'd relate a Tale, that shou'd bewitch the distant World — Thy soft, and tender Lines, will charm the Gods themselves: they! — even they! must own the powerful Influence of thy delightful Strain — If heavenly Powers submit — What will become of such a frail Wretch as me? — Why, I am distractedly in Love, and every coming Hour encreases still my raging Passion.

IT was kind of you (dear CÆLIA) just in the midst of melancholy, and despairing Thoughts, to bless me with your tender Letter — It came (if possible) more welcome to me, than free Pardon to a dying Man — I call it a Reprieve from Death, my present Staff of Life, a Cordial Tincture for my breaking Heart — I kiss it o'er and o'er a thousand times — then read it, and as I read — perceive new Life and Vigour flow

flow thro' every Vein—— Oh! whither, whither,
will thy soft Expressions lead me? to what un-
bounded Heights of Love!—— Oh! continue to
feed my transported Soul, and all it's eager Pas-
sions, with the all-powerful Eloquence, the never
failing Wit! the tender, dear, deluding Language!
the soft, enchanting Musick! which, dwell on thy
bewitching Tongue.



To the SAME.

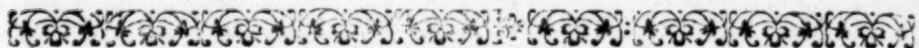
YOU see I have a mind to punish you, for
the many uneasy Hours you have occasi-
on'd me, thro' your Neglect of Writing — I'm
induc'd to believe, I cannot do it more severely
at this Distance, than by giving you the constant
Trouble of reading over my unregarded Letters—
I'm resolv'd to continue War with you, whilst
absent: By reason, when I am with you, my
Resolutions will vanish at Sight of your celesti-
al Charms; your Tongue will sooth my Resent-
ment into Love, and I shall be oblig'd to make
a Peace upon your Terms. — — —

I HAVE just now engag'd an Army of CU-
PIDS to support my Cause, who, have all sworn
to be faithful: they have receiv'd new *Bows*
and *Arrows*: but I have given them Orders,
when they attack your Person, not to disfigure
you, but only make your Heart, the Center of
their Aim: and I have promis'd, whoever wounds
you there, to reward him in a most bountiful
Manner—— If they shou'd fail in the Execution
of my Commands, I shall be at a loss how to
proceed against you —— unless, the greatest,

K

and

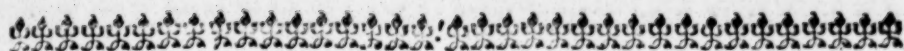
and sincerest Passion, that was ever form'd in the Breast of Man, may be of any Consequence; if it shou'd, I will punish you in a most effectual Manner.



To the SAME. From the Hague.

I AM just arrived here in good Health, but have had a very fatiguing Journey—I think there is nothing now, can deprive me of that unspeakable Happiness I promise my self, but sudden Death, or the Danger of the Herring-Pond——The last I wrote you, was what I call a genteel Letter, but there is no Wonder to be made at it, if you'll consider, that I was some time at Court, and had the Honour to kiss Prince F—— Hand, which, inspir'd me with some polite Notions of Raillery, that are not common with me, and seldom, or never to be met with, in my Writings——As I am now remov'd from Court, you must content yourself with the Manner of my old, common, home-spun Stile——tho' I am at present in the finest Village in the whole World, where the States reside: yet, they are a plain, downright, cunning, Set of Men, that deal much more in Politicks, than Politeness.





To the SAME.

IT is now seven Days (or rather Years, for such I think them) since I was blest'd with your delightful Company: and yet, I can justly affirm, few Moments have pass'd, wherein, you have not employ'd my inmost Thoughts, and thar'd my sweetest Wishes—— but as my Absence, will in some measure clear you from that Uneasiness, which, my Enemies occasion, on account of my unwelcome Visits: so, I content my self with the Pleasure only of writing to you, to enquire after your Health, and at the same time, to assure you of the Sincerity of my everlasting Passion.

THE Usage I have receiv'd, (without deserving it,) wou'd have rous'd any Man to Resentment, that did not *think*, and *love* as I do—— I lament, and mourn my ill-Success whole melancholy Hours alone.

Oh! how happy might you make me, with no Detriment to your self, if you were inclin'd so to do—— Were you a little more tender hearted, you wou'd prove immortal; here lyes your only Failing, and there is none you may correct with greater Ease—— I am determin'd, however, not to despair, but hope for a just Return, by my long, faithful, and unwearied Service, and Continuance to adore you.



To SYLVIA.

I DOUBT not but this may occasion a Surprise, being from one, whom as yet, you have no Knowledge of — Neither do I remember ever to have seen you — — but the Description of your Person, and an Account of those Perfections, which, all that know you, agree you are Mistress of, have made an intire Conquest of my Heart — pray use it kindly as a Stranger, if you make it no Return for the Homage it pays you. —

You know, *Madam*, for what End we were all created — to serve that eternal, and divine BEING, who, form'd us — to be useful to each other, to endeavour to improve human Society, and to encrease the World — Now I cannot imagine that the matchless Miss — resolves to die a Maid, it being so contrary to the End she was design'd for — but as we cannot answer for our Inclinations, I will here impartially give you a Sketch of my Person and Temper, altho' it is the most difficult Part to perform, for a Man to speak of himself — I am a Gentleman — and was born in *London*, have had a Liberal Education, am twenty eight Years Old, about five Foot eight Inches high, neither fat or lean, rather inclining to the first than last — Black Eye-brows, grey Eyes, full Fac'd, no Marks of the Small-pox, of a brown Manly Complexion, strait Limb'd, well Set; strong, hearty, and healthful — So much for my Person; now for my Temper — I love to live moderate and well, but not extravagantly — I seldom Drink, except a Glas of Wine when I Eat — I love plain Cloaths, but

but of the best Sort — I think no Linnen too fine — I love to see a Woman gay, and well Dress'd — I Drop an Argument if my Antagonist grows too warm — I avoid Disputes as much as possible — I dearly love a Friend, but am choice, whom I make so — I am mild, and not passionate — I seldom give a Challenge, but never refuse one from my Equals — I am so much a Philosopher, as to receive bad News without too much Grief, or hear good, without Excess of Joy — My Education is improv'd by Travelling — Thus, Madam, I have troubl'd you with a brief Description of my self, and I want nothing to Compleat my Happiness but your Smiles — However, let your Resolution be what it will, I am resolv'd, never to break my Heart for any of your Sex.



To Mr. ——— By a L A D Y.

S I R,

BY this Time, no doubt you Condemn me for my long Silence, but when you know the Reason, you cannot: — Your Letter came not to Hand 'till late last Night. — I intended to have risen early this Morning to have answer'd it, and at the same time, request the Favour of your agreeable Company — But as Disappointments are grown Familiar to me, I am the less uneasy — Before I rose from my Bed, a neighbouring Lady (thro' the Carelessness of my Maid) enter'd my Bed-Chamber; and intends to spend the Day with me — Thus, my evil *Genius* never fails to put a stop to my imaginary Pleasure,

sure, and has Rob'd me of the Company of my Dear *Philander* — But you must forgive me, if I tell you, your well-writ Epistle is owing more to your good Sense and Complaisance, than the Effects of Love.

I perceive you understand our Sex's blind Side, and think it no Crime to Flatter, with the Vain, it may do, but not with me — If any thing cou'd gain me, it would be that plain open-hearted Way of dealing, which, I, my self, profess — And tho' I am not Wise, believe I am not the greatest Fool in the World — To love any Man but Mr. K — is not in my Power, and therefore Impossible — I have often heard you say, good Usage in time will wear off the old, and create a new Passion: but give me leave to know my own Temper, and assure you to the Contrary — I know what is due to you as a Man of Merit, but can never love again, *that* we can't share, who can command Hearts? — my very Soul is wrapt up in Mr. K — I know, I shou'd not tell you this, but you force it from me; blame me not for my Sincerity — I am sensible the World condemns me for my invincible Passion for an ungrateful Man — But it is not in my Power to paint my Weakness to you — For your Sake only, I attempt to let you see your fond Mistake, to let you see, I have a more than friendly Regard for you, take this as a Proof — In vain, I strive to form a peaceful Mind, that is never to be retriev'd — therefore, I shall be proud to have the Honour to call you my Friend, but never tease me with Tales of Love: — Believe me, 'tis my Temper, the moment a Man speaks Truth, and speaks of Love, my Soul sickens and abhors him — On the contrary, if the
Man

Man I chuse to converse with, behave to me,
as in general, I am easy—— If the Truth can't
plead an Excuse for all I have said, I beg pardon—— and if I have spoke too freely, 'tis of
my self, nothing being meant to you, but the
best of Wishes from the unhappy

BELINDA.



To the COUNTESS of WARWICK, on
her Marriage with Mr. ADDISON.

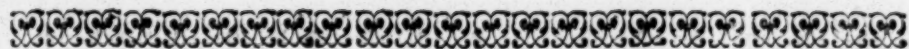
A MBITION long has Woman's Heart betray'd,
And Tinsel Grandeur caught th' unwary Maid;
The pompous Stiles, that strike th' admiring Throng,
Have glitter'd in the Eye of Beauty long:
You, MADAM, first the female Taste improve,
And give your Fellow-Charmers Laws for Love;
A Pomp you covet, not to Heralds known,
And sigh for Virtues equal to your own;
Part in a Man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on Titles, to ally with Fame:
Not *Edward's* Star, emboss'd with silver Rays,
Can vie in Glory with thy Consort's Bays;
His Country's Pride does Homage to thy Charms,
And ev'ry Merit crowds into thy Arms.

While

68 *To the Countess of Warwick.*

While others gain light Conquests by their Eyes,
'Tis thine with Wisdom to subdue the Wife :
To their soft Chains, while courtly Beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in Triumph captive Wit :
Her fighting Vassals let *Clarinda* Boast,
Of Lace, and languishing Cockades the Toast ;
In Beauty's Pride, unenvy'd let her reign,
And share that wanton Empire with the Vain :
For thee, the Arts of *Greece* and *Rome* combine,
And all the Glories, *Cato* gain'd, are thine :
Still *WARWICK* in thy boasted Rank of Life,
But more illustrious, than when *WARWICK*'s Wife.

Come forth, reveal thy self, thou chosen Bride,
And shew Great *NASSAU*'s Poet by thy Side ;
Thy bright Example shall instruct the Fair,
And future Nymphs shall make Renown my Care ;
Embroid'ry less shall charm the Virgin's Eye,
And kind Coquets, for Plumes, less frequent die ;
Secure shall Beauty reign, the Muse it's Guard,
The Muse shall triumph, Beauty it's Reward.



*In Imitation of the 23d. Ode of
the First Book of HORACE.*

I.

CÆLINA flies me like a Fawn,
Whose tender *Dam* has wildly stray'd;
So trips the Fields, bounds o'er the Lawn,
Of ev'ry Breath of Air afraid,
Still urges on, by Fear yet fleeter made.

II.

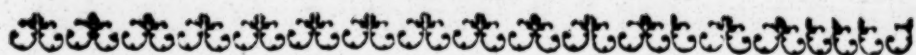
If *Zephyrus* whispers thro' the Trees,
Of the soft Spring's refreshing Gale,
She quakes amid the fanning Breeze,
Her tim'rous Doubts so far prevail,
That her Knees tremble, and her Face turns pale.

III.

Fear not, I'm none of *Africk's* Brood,
No hungry *Tyger*, chasing Prey,
No *Lyon*, panting after Blood,
I seek thee for delightful Play,
Thou'rt ripe for *Man*: thy Rattles throw away.

L

To



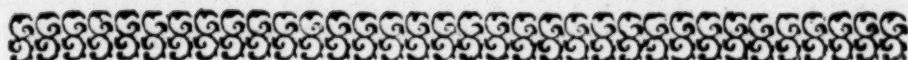
*To Miss B—W, upon her Snuff-Box
being set with a Diamond, resem-
bling a Heart.*

CELINDA's Looks such Joys impart,
As nought appears, but *Love* and *Peace*,
Were Eyes, the *Emblem* of the Heart,
The Lover's Pains wou'd quickly cease.

But plac'd in open View, we find
Such Incoherence with her Smiles,
Our fancy'd Pleasures, like the Wind,
Fleet off, whilst she our Hopes beguiles

In vain, *Celinda*, sooths our Smart,
She doubles but, alas, our Flame,
Whilst ev'ry Lover views her Heart,
Hard-hearted still he sees the same.





Upon a G N A T.

I.
AS in the *Mall* my CÆLIA shone,
 And drew the Crowd to gaze,
 A wanton *Gnat* came buzzing on,
 To gambol in her Blaze.

II.
 Enlighten'd by her lucid Beams,
 And urging Bliss, too nigh,
 Th' attractive Beauty's pow'rful Streams,
 O'erwhelm'd it in her Eye.

III.
 Mean while her clouded Sight shone dim,
 Her Sun thro' Mists appears,
 Moist Anguish rose above the Brim,
 And flow'd away in Tears,

IV.
 This *Gallant Insect* damp'd her Fire,
 By it's ambitious Flight,
 The *Gnat*, that durst so high aspire,
 She rub'd to Dust in spite.

O Gnat! too happy thus to die,
 My CÆLIA mourns thy Fate,
 She kills me ev'ry Day, yet I,
 No Pity can create.

Myſterious Sex! by Cuſtom led,
 Mere Trifles moſt to prize,
 O Truth! to turn a Lover's Head!
 They murder MEN, and weep for FLIES.



*A GENTLEMAN upon the Point of
 Death, ſends his WIFE ſome Re-
 proaches.*

MADAM,

COU'D I whiſt expiring entertain an Eſteem
 for you, it wou'd vex me to the Heart to
 die—— but, ſince I can no longer Value you,
 it's not worth my while to live—— I was fond
 of Life, only that I might paſs it with you
 agreeably—— but now, ſince a ſmall Share of Me-
 rit, and a great Paſſion, have not been able to ob-
 tain your Love, I no longer care to live, and Death
 is going to reſcue me from a world of Miſery —
 were you capable of the leaſt Tenderneſs, you
 cou'd not behold me in this deplorable Condi-
 tion, and not burſt into a Flood of Tears: but,
 thank God, Nature has arm'd you againſt all E-
 motions

motions of this Kind; and if you cou'd every Day study to render that Man miserable, who, lov'd you the most in the World, well may you see him die without the least Remorse.

Adieu.

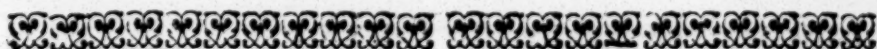


On Miss HARVEY, being a Day old.
In Imitation of Mr. P—p's.

LITTLE Girl in swadling Cloaths,
Mother's Eyes, and Father's Nose,
Little Mouth, where on a Row,
White and even Teeth will grow,
And the Dimple on the Chin,
Just beginning to begin:
And the Skin so fair and sleek,
And the Roses in the Cheek;
And the Neck and milk-white Breast,
Which, hereafter shall be prest;
And the snowy Hand and Arm,
Which, as yet, can do no Harm;
And the Waste so small and round,
Little Waste with Roller bound;

And

And the taper Leg and Thigh,
 And what is, and will be, by,
 For which, Thousand Swains will die:
 Keep her Heav'n from all Harms,
 Give her all her Mother's Charms!
 Give her all her Father's Wit,
 Save her from Convulsion Fit!
 May her Teeth with ease be bred,
 May she keep her MAIDENHEAD,
 'Till she's in her Bridal-Bed.
 Then may she be free from snarling,
 May she be her Husband's Darling!
 May her Days be Peace and Rest!
 Like her happy Parents, blest!
 And may they, my Cares to drown,
 Give the POET, *Half a Crown.*



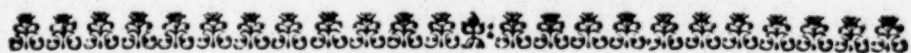
Upon a FEATHER.

IF CÆLIA but wears it, a *Feather's* a Charm,
 Ah! who can be safe, if a *Feather* can harm?
 Since e'er I beheld it, the Life I have led!
 All Joy, and Content, with that *Feather* is fled!

Fly,

To Miss MOLLY W—B—N, &c. 75

Fly, Youth, from that Beauty whoever thou art?
And warn'd by the *Feather*, beware of the Dart.



To Miss MOLLY W—B—N, occasion'd
by a satyrical Copy of Verses she
wrote on Mr. W—SH, on account
of his Dancing at the Castle of
DUBLIN.

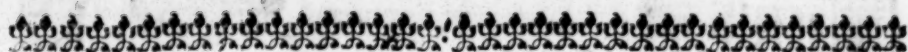
I, the *Dapper* Spark so smart,
Own, that you have won my Heart,
Your POEM is so soft, and sweet,
Harmonious Lays and Sense compleat!
How blest am I! My little Size,
Can please your Fancy and your Eyes,
Yet, *Madam*, give me leave to say,
You did not all my Parts survey,
You know not all that I can do,
Nor how I please the Ladies too!
But now your Charms my Soul subdue,
My Eyes shall gaze on none but you:
O let me on them dwell a while,
The Wonder of Hibernia's Isle,

Thy

76 To Miss MOLLY W—B—N, &c.

Thy pretty, *smooth*, inviting Face!
Thy easy Air, and lovely Grace:
And thy desp'rate, killing Eyes!
Eyes! cut out, to tyrannize,
And the Language of thy Tongue,
Sweet's the Song that's by you sung!
And thy Neck so round and white,
And thy Carriage so polite,
And thy Breasts that raise Desire,
Breasts that all Mankind admire,
And thy small, and slender Waste,
Never yet by Man embrac'd,
May Heav'n keep thee always chaste,
And thy Body strait and tall,
And thy Legs so long and small,
Tho' my Smallness you lament,
Big enough to give Content:
Now to wish you well (my Charmer)
May you wed some Country Farmer,
Broad shoulder'd, brawny, big, and bluff,
Ranting, roaring, ragged, rough,
Or, that's lusty, able, strong,
Thus the DAPPER ends his Song.

Upon



Upon a RIVAL.

I.

OF all the Troubles, all the Cares,
 With which, our Lives are curst,
 Of all the Pains a Lover bears,
 A RIVAL, is the worst.

II.

By Partners in another Kind,
 Afflictions easy grow
 In Love alone, we hate to find
 Companions in our Woe.

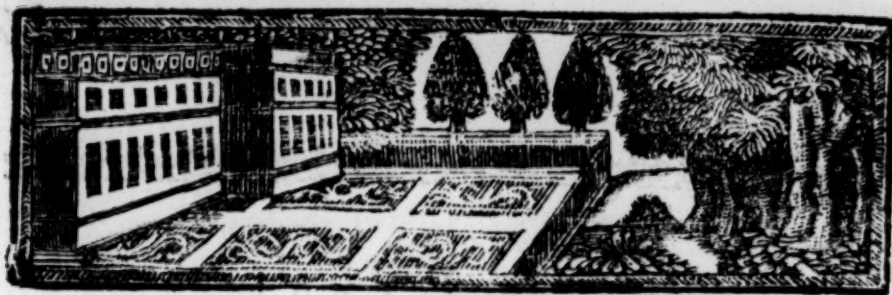
III.

My Dear, for all the Pains you see,
 Are working in my Breast,
 I beg not that you'll pity me,
 But that you'll flight the rest.



M

THE



T H E
S O N G
O F

Deborah and Barak.

Judges, CHAP. V.

The ARGUMENT.

The Children of Israel, having done Evil in the Sight of the LORD, were for a long Time suffered to endure a most heavy Bondage under the Tyranny of Jabin, King of Canaan; the Captain of whose Hosts was Sisera. Until at length Deborah, a Prophetess, being inspir'd by the LORD, undertook their Delivery: and communicated her Design to Barak, a young valiant Prince of the Tribe of Naphtali, commanding him to appear at the Head of 10000 Men upon Mount Tabor. Barak, at first, startled at so great an Enterprize, refuseth to go, unless Deborah accompany him: The Prophetess complies with his Request, assures him of a Victory, but tells him (as a Punishment for his Diffidence) that no Honour of the

the Day shall belong to him; for that Sisera shall fall by the Hand of a Woman. Which Prophecy was accordingly fulfilled: For Sisera finding all his Host discomfited, fled himself for Safety to the Tent of Jael the Wife of Heber the Kenite: there being a Peace between the Kenites and the Canaanites. Jael receiv'd him with all seeming Civilities, and Assurances of Protection: but watching an Opportunity when he was sleeping, she took an Nail belonging to the Tent, and with an Hammer struck it thro' his Temples. By this time Barak, who had been in pursuit of him, arrived there: Him too she invited in, and shew'd him the Body of his Enemy. Thus the Children of Israel prevail'd: And Deborah, with her victorious General, sang the following Hymn of Thanksgiving.

ET Israel now her grateful Trophies raise,
 L Begin, ye Tribes, your great Avengers Praise.
 Sing him the Lord of Hosts, the Conqueror,
 And raise his Altars on the Spoils of War.

Hear, O ye Kings, attentive Princes, hear,
 I, even I, will sing, the Song deserves your Ear.

When Israel's God from hostile Edom came,
 With his own Thunders arm'd, array'd in Flame:
 Trembled the Earth as o'er the Clouds he rode,
 The Clouds dissolv'd to Rain, and own'd th' incum-
 bent God.

Not so he march'd, as Erst in Samgar's Days,
 When Desolation stalk'd around your Ways.

What Time your Shrines to *Gentile* Gods were rais'd,
 And Incense strange on hostile Altars blaz'd.
 Then did the God of Battles raise his Hand,
 And in his Anger scourg'd the guilty Land:
 Forbad the Sword your Villages to spare,
 Arm'd every Plague, and gave a loose to War:
 Passive ye own'd a haughty Victor's Sway,
And Shield and Spear were vilely cast away:
 'Till *Deborah* arose at Hea'vn's Command,
 'Till I arose to save the sinful Land.

Blest be their Names, the gen'rous few that joyn'd
 To urge the happy Change by Heav'n design'd:
 By Counsel, or by Action: Pen, or Sword:
Against the Mighty-Ones to help the LORD.

Why did'st thou, *Asser*, leave th' imbattled Plain,
 To tempt the Dangers of the doubtful Main?
 Why in inglorious Ease did *Gilead* lay,
 Where *Jordan's* Streams in sweet *Meanders* play?
 Leave, *Reuben*, leave the Herd, and flow'ry Field,
 Forsake the Crook, and gird thee on the Shield.
 Leave for a while thy bleating Flocks to hear,
 When the loud Trumpet calls, and summons thee
 to War.

Awake,

DEBORAH *and* BARAK. 813

Awake, awake, far loftier Thoughts inspire!
 Son of *Abinoam* strike the sounding Lyre,
 See from *Megiddo* to old *Kishon's* Shore,
 The Lands with glitt'ring Nations cover'd o'er!
 Here, great in Arms, confederate Kings appear,
 And Provinces combin'd excite the War.
 There *Jabin's* Sons their shining Ranks display,
 And iron Chariots crowd the dusty Way.
 High o'er the rest, and gorgeous as a God,
 Firm in his Seat the proud Destroyer rode.
 Fatal he rode, around his dazzling Head,
 High Heav'n did all it's baleful Influence shed.
 All hideous in his Shield did Death appear,
 And heavy on his Helm sat horrid Fear.
 Each Star sinister to his Aims appear'd,
 And dreadful in it's Orb each luckless Planet glar'd.
 My Mind afresh reviews the bloody Day,
 How the Car rattles! how the Coursers neigh!
 Shields jostle Shields, large Lengths of distant Ground
 With clashing Swords, and clatt'ring Arms resound.
Kishon beheld the Shock, and backward Fled,
 Hiding in Reeds his Blood-stained Head.

While

82 *The SONG of*

While down the Stream plum'd Crests, and burnish'd Gold,

Chariots, and Helms, and Arms, and slaughter'd Warriours rowl'd.

Curse, *Curse ye Meroz*: an unusual Weight
Of Vengeance sieze her, and a Coward's Fate.

Who basely fled the Dangers of the War,

And in th' Almighty's Cause refus'd to dare.

* *But how, O Jael, shall my Thoughts get free*

To speak the Fullness of my Soul for thee?

Blest above Women shall the Heroine be.

I faint, I die, the thirsty Warriour said,

Give me, O *Jael*, charitable Maid,

Give me some Water, and compleat thine Aid.

She with new Milk fills high the frothy Bowls,

A Lordly Dish delicious *Butter* holds:

Grateful he bows: He bows, he falls, he lies:

He bows, he falls, and where he falls he dyes.

Weltring in Blood the mighty Ruins lay,

Transfix'd inglorious, and a Woman's Prey.

* *Vide, Mr. Trap's Poem on the Peace.*

Not far from hence where *Jabin's* Domes arise,
 And *Harosheth's* high Tow'rs invade the Skies,
 There the Destroyer's Mother kept her State,
 Around the Dame the *Canaan* Ladies wait:
 There from the Battlements she oft look'd down,
 To see th' expected Triumphs of her Son.
 Aloud she cries, why is my Child so far?
 What Crowds of Captives tire the Conqueror's Car?
Has he not sped?— Now, now the Banners fly,
 The Shouts of Victors rend the distant Sky,
 And the loud Clarions speak the Triumphs nigh:
 The cheerful Soldiers now divide the Spoils,
 And *Idumean* Damsels crown their Toils.
 But to my *Sisera* a greater share;
 The proudest and the fairest of the War,
 To him shall yield up her unwilling Charms,
 Pant in his strong Embrace, and fill my Hero's Arms:
 And when his Labours and his Toils are o'er,
 And the big Voice of War is heard no more,
 Then shall the Fair One with incessant Care
 Weave him Tiara's, and adorn his Hair.

Mistaken

Mistaken Dame, thy Son is now no more,
His Labours and his Wars indeed are o'er.
Yet shall no *Female Hand* adorn his Hair,
By *Female Hand* low lies your Conqueror,
And the rude *Iron Nail* prevents the *Needle's Care.*
So let thy Foes, O G O D, to Dust descend,
And feel the Vengeance of thy red Right-hand.
But let the Righteous still adore thy Name,
Compleat their Conquests, and enlarge their Fame:
Like the Meridian Sun exalt their Praise,
Swift as his Rapid Course, and Glorious as his Rays.



*Upon Yesterday, to Day, and to Mor-
row, Representing Time Past, Pre-
sent, and to Come.*

*Noli per Cras, Cras longas tibi ponere Metas,
Qui non est Hodie, Cras minus aptus erit.*

ON some of these our Happiness depends,
To all Eternity, that never ends,
For Yesterday we never can recal,
To Day is ours, in which we stand or fall;
To Morrow comes in course, but who can say,
That he shall ever see another Day?
Each Moment brings us nearer to our End,
Why should we then our precious Time mispend?
From Day to Day defer not what is good,
But do to Day what you to Morrow wou'd;
Delays are dangerous in such a Case,
While Providence affords sufficient Grace;
Improve the present Day in which you live,
Neglected Time no Mortal can retrieve:
Of this an Instance Matthew doth relate,
Concerning Virgins who appear'd too late:

Mistaken Dame, thy Son is now no more,
His Labours and his Wars indeed are o'er.
Yet shall no *Female Hand* adorn his Hair,
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~~~~~

*Upon Yesterday, to Day, and to Mor-  
row, Representing Time Past, Pre-  
sent, and to Come.*

*Noli per Crass, Crass longas tibi ponere Metas,  
Qui non est Hodie, Crass minus aptus erit.*

**O**N some of these our Happiness depends,  
To all Eternity, that never ends,  
For Yesterday we never can recal,  
To Day is ours, in which we stand or fall;  
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While Providence affords sufficient Grace;  
Improve the present Day in which you live,  
Neglected Time no Mortal can retrieve:  
Of this an Instance Matthew doth relate,  
Concerning Virgins who appear'd too late:



86      *Upon Yesterday, to Day,*

The prudent Virgins Oil and Lamps provide,  
While foolish Ones neglected *Time* and *Tide* ;  
The prudent found Admittance to the Feast,  
But th' Unprovided were forbidden Guest ;  
The *Time* elaps'd, wherein they shou'd attend,  
They were shut out with, (*I know you not*)——

Consider this, and spend no *Time* in vain,  
but wisely ballance both your Loss and Gain ;  
Keep still the *Journal* of your *Conscience* clear,  
In your *Accompts* let no *Mistake* appear ;  
When G o d's Eternal Trumpet loudly sounds,  
Whose *Voice* will reach the *Globe's* remotest bounds ;  
To call the *Dead*, in *Flesh* and *Blood*, to rise,  
Which *Summons* will both *Death* and *Hell* surprize ;  
With *Dooms-Day-Book* your *Works* will be compar'd  
Where no *Mistakes*, or *Errors* are repair'd ;  
Your *Weights* and *Measures*, *Words* and *Deeds* must  
The *Test* and *Judgment* of a skillful Hand : (stand  
No *Statute* can reverse his just Decree,  
From which no guilty *Criminal* can fly ;  
No *Writs* of *Error*, no *Appeals* are brought,  
No *Judges* brib'd, nor any *Pardons* bought ;

No *Witnesses* suborn'd, or *Jury* sway'd,  
No *CHURCH* infected, nor no *KING* betray'd,  
No *Subjects* bubbl'd, nor, by *Pow'r* oppress'd,  
All *Wrongs* and *Grievances* are then redrest;  
No *Party-Quarrels* can disturb the *Peace*,  
For now all *Jars*, and *Controversies* cease:  
No *Littleton* shall there explain the *Laws*,  
Nor *Advocate* presume to plead your *Cause*,  
The Great *MESSIAS* then will be severe,  
The *Rigour* of his *Justice* will shine there,  
The *Scriptures* and *Divines* in this agree,  
That (*Ite Male dicti*) then will be  
His angry *Sentence* on the *Reprobate*,  
Who their *Amendment* did procrastinate;  
But his *Elect* he then shall sweetly call,  
And say (*Venite Probi*) great and small;  
*Possess* the *Kingdom*, that's for you prepar'd  
By *GOD* the *Father* as your just *Reward*:  
So blotted *Books* receive a fiery *Doom*,  
While clear *Accompts* in *Paradice* find room.

*Dum Tempus habemus operemur bonum,  
Post est Occasio Calva.*

F I N I S.

## Advertisement.

**T**HIS is to acquaint the Reader, that Mr. Pakington and I, being inseparable Companions, he has given Me leave to Publish this Book under my Name; we are so much alike in Person and Temper that our nearest Friends cannot distinguish one from the other.

N. B. The Remainder of these Books are only to be Sold by the **AUTHOR**, and the **PRINTER** hereof.



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